

The Library Cameragraph

the ability to make a perfect copy of the original, especially in the case of historic material, has multiplied the resources available to the country. The librarians have been in the vanguard of lending their possessions up and down. When the desired material is only a page or two it is easier to make a cameralograph than to ship the entire volume. Another advantage over making handwritten copies of extracts from records is that the cameralographs produce the illustrations as well as the text, thus filling a long-felt need for scientific students.

Josephine Dodge Daskam Bac

her as well as a well known  
under an alarm that perhaps we  
ended to overdo child training in  
continuous times.  
Not minding her words, she  
said there is appearing a lot of "do's"  
with regard to child culture, and  
"a little people are being fussed with  
needed over again, too much. I  
again, the belief held by some  
that a child's mind is an empty  
to be filled, remarking that each  
its individuality, and a mind that  
being long is again too much nar-  
birth. She inclined to think that  
children should not be hedged  
so many "do's" and "don'ts,"  
should be permitted to go somewhere

dencies of a child should not  
either repressed for fear of ch  
initiative nevertheless she will

**Portraying War.** From the cartoons in *Cartoons Magazine*, you would know the real meaning of war. You will find it in the cartoon by Louis Raemaekers, the Dutchman. It is brought out in a very simple way. There are three, the mother, the widow, and the orphan. Here are faces that are not in his dreams. The mother is in deep mourning, kneeling before the altar, and the widow and the orphan are also in mourning.

the widows, pallid against the

ground, advance holding each other's hands. Here are the young men in the May of love. Here, too, are their wives, whose love has ripened in the mellowing years. Then the children down a lane of blossoms. "Father, where is your gun?" they ask. It is no more than a fiction, this procession, the dim merging into the blur of crosses. From the silence comes the voice of the priest: "Kreuzland! Kreuzland, Kreuzland, Kreuzland, Kreuzland, Kreuzland!"

in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A Mind Reader.**

distress—Bridget, I'm sorry, I  
can't keep you any longer.

**GAMBLER.**



less—"Woman hater, or only

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